





Christmas Offering

—TO THE—

Chaste and Beautiful,

—BY—

JAMES WALTON JACKSON.



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TO THE MUSE.

AN INTRODUCTORY.

Hail, Heaven-born, soul-enchanting, sacred
Muse !

But smile anon upon thy loving child ;
And lo ! chaste poesy his mind bestrews—
Blush-roses bloom in beauty o'er the wild.

I woo thee not as simpering swain doth woo
The bashful, fickle, hesitating maid ;
But love thee as the wife so long proved true,
Whose heart through trials sore, kept firm and
staid.

And well thou lov'st thine offspring, mother
dear !

Thy richest prize held this side of the goal—
The guerdon sure to all who venture near—
E'en now I feel sweet music in my soul.

Then wake, O choicest, sweetest chord divine,
And bid thy rarest magic music tell !
The impress beamed when love-lit eyes do
shine,
The quiet eyes of her I love full well.

TO E. W.

I've seen the moon, so pale yet bright,
Shine through the vault of blue ;
All Nature hushed, e'en to delight,
Whilst angel's spread the dew.

I've seen the sea, like sheet of glass,
Reflect the star-decked sky ;
In awe expectant, He would pass,
Who 's King of hosts on high.

I've felt ethereal mildness oft,
As Spring blush'd o'er the earth
Her smile serene—a breath so soft—
Yet potent giving mirth.

And I have seen thy pale blue eyes,
Serene as Queen of night ;
When smiling, out-vie mirrored skies,
Reflecting Heaven's own light.

THE OLD, THE SWEET OLD STORY.

Carol! Carol! Christians; sing the old, old
story

Of Christ, the babe of Bethlehem,—now Lord
of Life and Glory.

O'er eighteen hundred years have passed since
incarnate became

Our God, and for us took true flesh, and to
Him took sweet name

Of Jesus, to redeem, and bring man fallen,
back to Glory.

The lapse of time has nothing marred, to-day
'tis just the same

As when the angels sang "good-will," this old,
this sweet old story.

Carol! Christian mother, to knee upon your
knee,

For by singing this old story sweet, your babe
will sweeter be;

For Jesus, your Redeemer,—yes, dear Jesus
meek and mild—

Though Lord of Life and Glory now, was once
a little child;

And well He loves the little ones, for they are
heirs of Glory;

“Let them come unto me,” He said,—your
 babe keep unbeguiled,
And often to it be your theme, this old, this
 sweet old story.

Carol! Carol! Maiden; and Youth take up
 the strain
Of Christ, once babe in Bethlehem—now cru-
 cified and slain,—
And as ye chant the story sweet, mark well
 how Jesus grew
In favor with His fellow-man, and God His
 Father, too :
Yes! learn of Him in life's sweet Spring, and
 when that you've grown hoary,
The joys and woes of life nigh past, e'en then
 you'll nothing rue,
But bless the day you made your strain, this
 old, this sweet old story.

Carol! Man to care a prey,—find a sweet relief;
For He, once babe in Bethlehem, for you was
 “man of grief;”
In patience bore the ills of life—its poverty
 and shame,
And Death o'ercame. Would you o'ercome?
 Then meekly bear the same.

"They came from tribulations great," is said
of those in Glory ;

The cares, the woes, the toils are yours,—bear
all in Jesus' name,

And make to you a constant stay, this old, this
sweet old story.

Carol ! Maid and Youth, Man in full prime,
the hoary,

And trace the Babe of Bethlehem, from manger
to His Glory,

As babe, was sweet ; as child, was good ; a
patient man and wise ;

The babe was Christ, and Christ is God, Great
God of earth and skies.

For man, He bore the ills of life ; for man, He
left His Glory !

Great God becomes a little babe, and then as
man He dies !

Come contemplate with me to-day, this old,
this sweet old story.

WHAT IS 'T TO BE A GENTLEMAN ?
—

What is't to be a gentleman ?

“To fence, to dance, write billet-doux ;”

(So says a sage historian,)

And all vulgarities eschew.

This may be well, I'll not gainsay—

That is, 'twas well for days of yore ;

Not suited to the present day :

A gentleman must now do more.

His skin and conscience must keep clear,

Nor one good quality should lack—

Use daily bath throughout the year,

And rub well off with huckaback.

EPIGRAM.

If to err is human—to forgive divine ;

Then I would say to lovely woman,

And proudly hold the thought sublime,

'Twas I that erred, for I'm but human ;

Do thou forgive,—thou art divine.

TO A BEAUTIFUL SUNRISE.

O! shimmering iridescence ;
O! ruby large as the sun,
Surrounded by myriad diamonds,
Whilst countless suns shine on.

O! sky of opals and sapphire ,
Bedrap'd with filigree gold ;
All colors of rainbows and dolphins,
Thy blendings can never be told.

O! wondrous mirage of heaven,
My soul before thee is bowed ;
All beauties compressed in a unit,
Thou 'rt God merely veiled by a cloud !

THE SHAMROCK.

O, trefoil plant of vernal green,
Earth's emblem of blest 'Trinity !
To me thou wear'st the graces' mien,
Of Heaven-approved affinity.

Thou com'st a witness that the earth
Shall bloom afresh in verdure clad ;
Sure harbinger of life and mirth
To nature, now decayed and sad.

Thou com'st as meek-eyed charity ;
Thou flaunt'st no flower of gaudy hue ;
Dear emblem plant of rarity,
Thy seeming 's what thou art—all true.

Thou com'st as hope, man's heart to cheer ;
As faith, bid'st him fruition see—
The plenty that shall crown the year ;—
Thou art Faith, Hope and Charity.

TO LOVE IS LIFE.

The blossoms fall from fruitful tree,
The flower's cell is sipped by bee,
Each blade of grass, each stalk of corn,
Bends each to each from dewy morn.

If beauteous blossoms did not kiss
Some blossom, as to earth they fall,
Their Author's wise design they'd miss,—
The trees would bear no fruit at all.

If bees ne'er sipped from flower's cell,
And sweets to other cells conveyed ;
The winds in requiem would tell,
Fair Flora aye in death was laid.

Should blades of grass, or stalks of corn,
Keep from their kind as in disdain ;
The Earth of verdure would be shorn,
And man would die through lack of grain.

The heart must beat response to heart,
For love received, its love must give ;
Or, die by fell remorse's dart,—
The heart must love, else cease to live.

NO TEMPLE THERE.

REV., CHAP. 21, v. 22.

Distinct as the waves, though one as the sea,
 The praises of all in Heaven will be ;
 No schisms, no sects, and never more prayer,
 For I see, I see no Temple is there. .

No Temple in Hell! how dreadful the thought!
 Though all was by Jesus' life-blood dearly
 bought ;

Not even that blood, and unceasing prayer
 Can avail . I see no Temple is there.

They
 No Temple on earth, dear Lord, may I love ;
 And in it prepare for Bula above ;
 While yet in the flesh, be constant in prayer ;
 For I see, I see no Temple is there.

Man's heart is thy Temple : Lord, in mine
 dwell

'Till safely I've breasted Jordan's dread swell ;
 Jerusalem attained—blest city above—
 I'll aye cease from prayer, to praise thy great
 love.

THE TWA "UNCO GUDE."

There lived twa Scots i' the lan o' cakes,
O' the kind ca'd "unco gude,"
An ane, the ither visit makes,
Being in a walking mood.

When Sandy reach'd his neebor Jock,
(A' tho 'twas Sabbath day,)
He spied amang his neebor's flock.
A bonny cawf at play.

"A sonsy cawf, freen Jock, ye hae,
Sae unco sleek an nice,
An but it's je'st the Sabbath day,
I'd like to speer the price."

A sonsy cawf ye weel may say,
As gude as can be foun' ;
An but it's je'st the Sabbath day,
I'd ask ye je'st five poun'.

A CHARM IN LIFE FOR ME.

There's beauty in the rising sun,
As mists before him flee,
And nature puts her day dress on ;
There's a charm in life for me,

There's vigor in the morning air,
Awaking every tree,
Their branches higher yet to rear ;
There's a charm in life for me.

There's pleasure e'en in daily toil,
From *ennui* keeping free,—
All irksome tasks to bravely foil,
There's a charm in life for me.

There's sweetness in the evening's calm,
When thoughts are flowing free,
E'er sleep has woo'd with soothing balm ;
There's a charm in life for me.

At morn, at noon, and day's decline,
In Nature's Galaxy ;
When love with duty doth combine ;
There's a charm in life for me.

OH! WHITHER FLED THE SUMMER
TIME ?

Oh! whither fled the summer time,
Soft zephyrs, fairest flowers ;
The breaths and beauties, sweet, sublime,
The happy, sunny hours ?

And where the flitting, blithesome birds,
That cheered us all day long
With notes of Wisdom's choicest words,
Attuned to sweetest song ?

A dirge is in the chilly blast,
And moans the sad reply :
Joy-giving Summer's of the past !
So all, e'en man will die.

The blithesome birds have ceased their song,
And far away have flown ;
Yet man may all the Winter long
Make music sweet his own.

As summer days have passed away,
And life will close ere long ;
I say be wise,—let life be gay—
A ceaseless round of song.

BE AS WISE AS A CAT.

'Tis said of a cat that was kept by a nun,
That it knew the bell's ringing was signal for
 dining ;
Which, when the bell rang, ceased from frolic
 and fun,
Took its food like a Christian, without even
 whining.

But alas ! lackaday ! the cat was locked in,
And alone had to fast, while the nuns were
 partaking ;
But yet, I'll not say, of the nuns 'twas a sin,
For the feline did sleep when it should have
 been waking.

That pussy knew something, I'm bound to
 admit,
For on regaining freedom, it tugged at the
 bell-string ;
The nuns came to meal, ay, and so did old Kit !
The nice food was brought in, for didn't the
 bell ring ?

Oh ! here is a lesson that many should learn,
That to be moping and sleeping is not always
 well ;
For e'en friends may forget, perchance they
 will spurn.
Then arouse you to action—pull the rope, ring
 the bell !

MY HEART IS LIKE THE SEA.

My heart is like the sea,
Now calm, now rag'd by storms;
As hearts are false or true to me,
My heart but chills or warms.

CHORUS—My heart is like the sea,
The ever-changing sea,
My heart is like the sea,
My heart is like the sea.

If false thy heart should be,
Nought shall my heart assuage ;
But like an angry, troubled sea,
My heart will storm and rage.

CHORUS—My heart is like the sea,
The winter's boist'rous sea ,
My heart is like the sea,
My heart is like the sea.

Be true thy heart to me,
So shall my heart be calm ;—
As halcyon days, when peaceful sea
Is kissed by breaths of balm.

CHORUS—My heart is like the sea,
The Summer's tranquil sea,
My heart is like the sea,
My heart is like the sea.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

The welkin is ringing ;
For angels are singing
“Glory to God on high ;”
On the earth shall be peace,
Through all time to increase ;
Man’s redemption draws nigh.

The great God becomes flesh,
That man He may bless,
And restore from the fall ;
Of his wisdom sublime,
In the fullness of time,
To redeem one and all.

On a December morn,
Our Emmanuel was born ;
When the wise from afar,
In great haste to adore,
And God’s blessing implore ;
Were led on by a star.

When they saw the fair child,
With his mother so mild,
They gave him gifts most rare ;
Nor alone did suffice
That they made sacrifice !
For they worshipped Him there.

So the wise of to day,
To this Jesus will pray ;
And in love he'll draw nigh :
Grant them peace and good-will,
As their hearts to him thrill
Glory to God on high.

TO M. A.

Ah ! glorious is the morning sun ;
Its rising gives both warmth and light,
To cheer us as the day wears on ;
Inducts to hallowed, quiet night.

Sweet silvery moon then clasps the earth,
And holds to stillness all save thought,
Though lesser light, of equal worth,
Is by divine instruction taught.

And twinkling stars, like angel eyes,
Peer winsome from bright realms above,
Scintillæ from pure Paradise,
To woo us by their quiet love.

But there's a light within thine eye,
To me as warm as morning sun,
Yet placid as yon moon on high,
Or wooing stars that ever shone.

I love the stars, the moon, the sun ;
'Tis sweet to contemplate the whole
Of heavenly bodies shining on—
But through thine eyes a heavenly soul.

ILLUSIONS,

Whoe'er from railway train shall glance,
As swiftly onward sped by steam,
Will see the trees in circles dance,—
The trees dance not, but only *seem*.

And he who from the deck shall view,
As goodly ship moves from the shore ;
May well believe earth's moving too,—
The ship is moving—nothing more.

These are illusions ; all do know
Who have attained to reason's age ;
Yet Nature hereby seems to show,
That truth with error war must wage.

For error, in the garb of truth,
Oft leads th' unwary far astray,
So like to what is real, forsooth,
That what is right 'tis hard to say.

But truth will make itself most clear
To those who seek with patient zeal ;
As false illusions disappear
Like phantoms, when we know the real.

The maid who dreams of happy life
By wedding wealth for what it brings ;
But misses joys vouchsafed the wife,
To prove that loneliness bears stings.

The dancing trees, the moving earth,
Illusions : yet to her seem real ;
'Till crows' feet print the brow of mirth ;
Life-lasting maidenhood's fell seal.

So he who takes his faith from man,
But follows phantom that deceives ;
He travels on in error's van ;
But veers as doth the ship that leaves.

He's ever moving from the shore,
Still charmed by what illusion paints ;
But faith, like truth, will firm endure,
"Faith once delivered to the saints."

REBOUND.

— — —
'Tis tritely said of Nature's laws,
That what's impelled should in its course
Resistance meet, it back withdraws—
The rebound will be great, perforce.

The tide we know is ebb and flow,
A recess, and a coming back,—
And, but for motion to and fro,
The earth would compensation lack.

We throw a bauble at the wall ;
The ball springs back towards the hand ;—
And much that in the ebb may fall,
The flow will heave upon the sand.

Now, as of Nature's laws, all wise,
E'en so it is with life, with hearts ;
Love's sweet emotions oft but rise
To fall by disappointment's darts.

And as with greater force we throw
The bauble ball, its farther bounds ;
So chastenings sore—the keenest woe,
To unattained pure bliss rebounds.

Our very life's an ebb and flow,
A swaying from sweet joys to grief,
An oscillation to and fro,
As joy to sorrow gives relief.

We're in the ebb—a ball, I trow,—
To joy and pain alternate given !
And Death 's but compensation's flow,
To strand us on the shores of Heaven.

ON THE RECEPTION OF A RING.

TO H. W., ESQ.

Accept my thanks for the beautiful Ring,
 (Received on St. Valentine's day,)
For the Amethyst bright as Seraph's wing,
 For the diamond-wrought letter J.

You say that "for *me* it was made." My dear sir,
 It will not fit finger of mine ;
So it shall adorn the right hand of her
 Who's to be my life Valentine.

O, happy mistake, it was made rather small !
 I've really no reason to chide ;
For it fits to a charm—no miss at all—
 The Ring's on the hand of my bride !

BY THE LIGHT OF THINE EYE.

Though summer has fled, and the air be a-chill;
Though roses are dead, and barren the hill;
Though winds whistle hoarse, and murky the
sky,

My heart shall be cheer'd by the light of thine
eye,

By the light, by the light of thine eye.

Should fortune be fickle, and friendships be few,
And all should prove false, that's cherished as
true,

Should I be deprived of all money can buy,
My heart shall be cheer'd by the light of thine
eye,

By the light, by the light of thine eye.

Oh! the light of thine eye possesses a power
To banish all gloom in sorrow's dark hour,
A halo of joy—a bright cloudless sky
My heart is, when cheered by the light of thine
eye,

By the light, by the light of thine eye.

By the light of thine eye, I ask thee²¹ to live;
It's warmth to my life fresh vigor shall give;
Ope founts of affection that ne'er shall run dry,
Then let me be cheer'd by the light of thine eye,
By the light, by the light of thine eye.

ABSOLUTION.

A son of sweet Erin, just newly arrived,
Bethought him, he'd go to confession;
And to get to the priest, this way he contrived—
Went forward right through the back kitchen.

In passing, a fine little ham he espied,
From the ceiling so gracefully hanging;
“Now hanging is bad”—(and more syloquised,)
“Sure 'tis harder to bear than a banging.

You're a moighty foin bacon, whose ever ye be!
And it's meself that would like to be eating,
My jewell! my own! hurrah! Gramachree!”
And possession concluded the greeting.

With ham in his hand, Pat went straight to
the priest,
And bowing low, craved absolution.

“Here's a bacon I've sthole that your Rivrance
may feast—

Absolve me from sin's foul pollution.”

“Take it back to the owner,” the priest did
enjoin,

“Or it's penance you'll do, now believe it.”

“Sure I did,” answered Pat, “but it's troublin'
me moin

To think that he wouldn't recayve it.’

"Then keep it yourself," answered father Malone,

"Perhaps the owner perceived you did need it;
But in future, what's others be sure let alone,
My advice—I beg that you heed it;

And since you're repentant, you're fully absolved,

In peace now depart with my blessing."

For Father Malone had then quite resolved
'Twas time to have ham with egg-dressing.

The ruse was successful—Pat's wit won the day,

And a "mighty foine bacon, his own,"

"A gift from the priest," and nothing to pay,—
"A gift from good Father Malone."

Now Father Malone was fond of a joke,
(And, if living, is so to this day,)

And often a good brother's ribs he did poke,
As the joke from himself turned away.

And when e'er a brother a hint did but throw,
A smile set his lips all a twiching—

"Since then I've been Pope! all revere my big toe,

Who entered the fold by my Kitchen."

THE TIME WHEN LILACS BLOW.

Some love to sing of Winter's king,
Boreal blasts and drifting snow ;
And some will praise the op'ning Spring,
But I, the time when Lilacs blow.

'Tis when the sun's actinic ray
Sheds o'er all Nature life's warm glow,
And zephyr winds in concert play,
That odoriferous Lilacs blow.

Though brief the season—but a spell—
Yet for its sweets I'd much forego ;
It hallows e'en a by-gone knell,
Blest time when scented Lilacs blow.

How oft I've blest the natal day
Of her I buried years ago ;
Whose life o'er mine held sacred sway ;
I bless it yet when Lilacs blow.

Her chaste companionship I mourn,
While life shall last e'en 'twill be so ;
Yet happy memories ~~will~~ return
Whene'er I see sweet Lilacs blow.

RE LENT—RE GOLD.

If I were a preacher, what would I preach ?
Ah ! what would I preach in these Lenten days,
When Christians for mercies their Maker be-
seech,

And professors awhile doff foolish displays ?

O, I would proclaim that man's God is gold ;
The false God, leading the many astray ;
For who that observes men, can fail to behold
The one thought prevailing with all, "will it
pay ?"

Yes, gold is man's God, e'en during the fast ;
The clinging to gold is man's greatest sin ;
Nor will he relinquish his hold to the last,
Though relinquishing should for him heaven
win.

The saying is hard ; the saying is true,
That they who have gold must give it away ;
Remember, "the poor ye have always with
you ;"

You must give up the gold if Christ you'd obey !

'Tis written for all ; 'tis written for you ;—
"A certain young man departed in grief ;

E'en Christ and his teachings was fain to es-
chew,

To keep his possessions"—surpassing belief.

Ye cannot be Christ's if ye have much gold ;

If ye gather wealth intending to keep ;

It's hoarding excludes from the pale of his fold—

Then if ye possess it, ye are but lost sheep.

AN INCIDENT AFTER THE BATTLE.

The jolly tars of England the victory had won,
The French they had defeated, ay, silenced
every gun ;

But ere from Trafalgar they sailed for Albion
to steer,

They gloried o'er the conquest, with toast, with
song and cheer.

Each gallant son of Neptune his duty did dis-
charge,

By drinking to "Old Hingland," or else to
"Good King Jarge ;"

A chaplain to the Navy must needs to bear his
part ;

So gave for toast "A health to Napoleon Bona-
parte."

The dauntless ocean war'iors, though loyal to
black-strap,

Were quite becalmed at such a toast,—they
wouldn't drink to Nap.;

Till the chaplain had explained "that they all
would idle be,

If 'twasn't for brave Bony,"—when they all
drank cheerily.

A Scottish "saltie" owrejoyed, and feeling unco
weel,

Declared "'twas richt they noo should drink a
health to the auld deil ;"

The chaplain said "'twas sinful—'twas carry-
ing it too far,—

Such toasts were not of heaven, or becoming
Trafalgar."

Now Scottie waxen ta'ky, Jamaica did eschew ;
He "kenn'd 'twas no sae gude a quech as pure
mountain dew ;

An a' might drink the to'st wi'out doing ony
evil,

For min'sters wad be idle if there was nae
deevil."

INDIAN SUMMER.

See yonder red spot on the wall,
As day peeps in the room !
A fire rolled up into a ball,
As seen through hazy gloom.
Ope wide the lattice, lest I choke,
Nor now can breathe, for all is smoke
Far as the eye can reach or roam,
Behold, mild Indian Summer's come.

Complacently the sun looks down
With soft and mellow light,
Upon the work that he has done ;
Half veiled from Nature's sight,
As nearer he would come and view
The glories he o'er Nature threw,
His quiet gaze to satisfy,
And kiss all beauties ere they die.

And now shines out as if in sport,
Bright rays throws o'er the scene,—
The mist his influence seems to've caught.
Has changed to silv'ry sheen ;
Bedrapping trees with fleecy whiteness,
And toning soft the rays of brightness,
The sun's great work of painting's o'er—
All earth's a gorgeous, checkered floor.

The trees all decked in colors gay,
Seem teeming with delight
At having snatched the rays of day,
And blended them with night ;
Has made of twain befitting dress,
(A nonpareil of loveliness,)
And ere the summer fairly close,
Are wrapped in glory and repose.

A calm pervades the vast expanse,
Yet bodeth nought of fear,
But 's rather as the winsome glance
Of modest eyes that peer
Into eyes of lover plighted,
Nor could language have delighted :
As e'er did lover's quiet smile,—
E'en so now Nature does beguile.

And this season so beguiling,
(That lasts about a moon,)
Wins, as does the lover's smiling.
The bridal will be soon ;
For brown Autumn's won white Winter,
Heaven pure snowy robes has sent her,
Swift north winds the union tells—
Boreas rings the marriage bells.

THE DROP THAT CANNOT BE GATHERED.

(WRITTEN FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY.)

A drop of water spilt upon the ground,
'Tis said "cannot be gathered up again,"
So, every word or act in life's brief round,
As ornament or blemish will remain
On the eternal future of us all.
By word, a "yes," a "no." we rise or fall,
Man writes his destiny beyond a doubt,
Which written once, can ne'er be blotted out,
Analogy as true as 'tis profound,
The "drop" cannot be gathered from the
ground.

The law that's made by Persian potentate,
Once law, e'en Persian law lacks power to 'nul,
Though it condemns to death the good and
great ;

A lesson from the Sacred page we cull,
A lesson of instruction meant for all.
And there's a truth the stoutest might appal !
Then to this truth to-day bestow a thought ;
"For every word to judgment shall be brought ;"
Each word, to good or evil must redound ;
The "drop" cannot be gathered from the
ground.

Full many a maiden in the spring of life,
 By word, has lost the opportunity
 Of e'er becoming loved or loving wife ;
 Though urged by lover's importunity.
 Has said the "no," and thus forever lost
 What now she craves—would gain at any cost:
 An arm on which to lean—companion meet ;
 The word but haunts e'en to her winding-sheet;
 That fatal "no" to latest life a sound ;
 The "drop" cannot be gathered from the
 ground.

And many a man in plenitude of health
 Has lived regardless of the evil day ;
 Made for himself a god of this world's wealth,
 Reluctantly ~~even~~ an honest debt did pay,
 Ne'er thought that wealth's compared to living
 things
 That soon are gone—has fled as upon wings !
 And gone his wealth—his god, how great the
 loss !
 Since followed health—nought left but fierce
 remorse.
 His life, like water spilt—too late he found,
 The "drop" cannot be gathered from the
 ground.

Ah ! what is true of word, or deed, or law,
 Is aptly true of cycles, we call time :
 A round completed, bids each view with awe
 The sinking sands of life—then higher climb ;
 And ask what am I now ? What shall I be
 Through boundless cycle—vast Eternity ?
 Nor linger over-long—up ! higher rise !
 Press on to gain eternal life—Great Prize !
 By faith step sure, let there be no rebound,
 The “drop” cannot be gathered from the
 ground.

“Stand still,” my soul : on this, a New Year’s
 day ;
 And humbly standing, view from highest
 ground—

Perchance, the “great salvation” the display—
 A Jordan cleft—a Saviour’s love profound,
 To lead me dry-shod o’er the dreaded stream,
 To lasting joys—when ended this life’s dream.
 Let me but hear thee speak again, to say
 “Give me thine heart”—and give it up to-day
 Let not the fatal “no,” with me be found,
 Or, be as “drop” that’s spilt upon the ground.

SNOW.

TO H. M. H.

The snow that falls when all is calm,
Will earth's unevennesses hide ;
So, sweet forgiveness, like a balm,
Will heal the heart sore rent by pride.

Yes, newly-fallen snow is pure,
(Ere stains of earth it's beauty's marred,)
And pure's the Word that makes it sure
The unforgiven's from Heaven barred.

Then look you on the beauteous snow,
And if forgiveness you've deferred,—
By all you love, may Heaven show
That you are mortal,—you have erred.

F
CORONET, ~~T~~IDES.

There once lived a Bishop in neighboring See,
 Who much was importuned by many clergy ;
 Importuned by letter, and by word of mouth,
 To make special prayer, for great was the
 drought.

His Lordship was stolid, and would not permit
 Special prayer to ascend and bring down the
 wet ;

But shook his wise head, leering up to the sky,
 " We a' must endure yet, a' tho it is dry !"

The clergy impatient, formed a Committee
 To wait on his Lordship, for 'twas a pity
 That all should be parched, both the grass and
 the grain,

When prayer might bring down brimming
 buckets of rain.

His Lordship looked grave when each one
 had pleaded,

And out the back door in silence receded ;
 Then looking up, thought of his dry parched
 up flock ?

Ah, no ! he was viewing the high weather-
 cock !

His Lordship returned—the brethren he
greeted—

And soon made it clear, if wet they'd be
cheated ;

“The clouds would retain yet all the soft-
water !”

The “wind,” he averred, “was i' the wrang
quarter.”

MUSIC HAS CHARMS.

O, what was the queer thing that Pat was
describing ?

Was it bird, was it beast, or of^d man's con-
triving ?

O, what was the marvel he saw at the fair ?
I use his own words, the description's so rare.

“ 'Twas as big as a turkey ;—the shape of a
goose ;

A man held by the neck lest the baste should
get loose ;

An sure thin wid his showlder its back thried
to fael—

Wid a shtick rubb'd its belly—Och! how it did
squale !”

Now as Patrick says something whenever he
speaks,

What need to guess what he saw, p'rhaps for
long weeks,

As if 'twere conundrum, charade or a riddle ?

When 'tis plain Pat had seen a man play the
fiddle.

UNCOMPLETED MAN.

I sing this strain, That one's of twain
 Ere Nature's work began ;
Or word went forth from Wisdom's mouth
 That perfected was man.

For all through swiftly fleeting years,
 From first e'en to the end,
It was ordained of human race ;
 That two in one should blend.

And though 'twas seen that all was good,
 As onward went the plan ;
Yet God his work first deigned to bless
 When perfected was man.

Oh ! wond'rous thought, that Mighty God
 His crowning work t' improve
From man took rib—it back did give,
 Now soul—now living love.

Ah ! here 'tis clear that woman dear,
 (In whom all graces meet,)
Co-operates with Nature wise,
 To make the man complete.

But what of him, Creation's lord—
 The capstone of the plan—
Without the graces, love, the soul ?
 He's uncompleted man.

DIAMONDS AND ROSES.

Ah ! Diamonds and roses are beautiful things,
But which I most prize, would you know ?
O, give me the roses—let gems be for kings ;
And why I prefer them; I'll show.

When Summer's most charming, the rose,
modest flow'r,
Unfolds like the blush of fair maids ;
And whether adorning the boudoir or bow'r,
The air with sweet odor it lades.

Blush-rose solitaire, when adorning the hair,
Is emblem of beauty and youth ;
Divest it of name, still its perfume 's as rare—
It's type of unchangeable truth.

The gem, not possessing sweet fragrance or
light,
Hides deep in the heart of the earth :
Ere fashioned and faceted, yea, polished bright,
At best is but carbon—small worth.

When polished, 'tis true it reflects borrowed
light—
Emits not a ray of its own ;
In darkness it's dark as the blackness of night—
Of lowest creation—mere stone.

The "War of the Roses" was wrong from the
first ;

But wicked display of men's pow'r,
Who, fiend-like, for blood of their fellows did
thirst,—

A slander upon the fair flow'r.

That diamond cuts diamond, 's a truth some-
what quaint,

As true it must borrow to shine ;—
A hypocrite, wearing the garb of a saint,
But only in *seeming* divine.

The rose is aye giving, therefore is more blest,
(It's better to give than receive ;)
Gives beauty to faces we love, sweet behest
Of God's finished work, Mother Eve.

A REMINISCENCE OF ROBINSON CRUSOE.

A ship-wrecked mariner on a lone Isle,
A nugget of gold picked up on the shore ;
And viewing it long, without e'en a smile,
Soliloquised thus : " what can'st thou procure ?

What might'st thou procure, if in the brisk
mart

Where men toil for gold till all but life fail.
I now cast thee from me, swift as a dart,
As often of yore I've flung an old nail.

I now could use nails in building a raft.
With which I might reach inhabited land :
Here, gold is to me dishonored, base draft—
As worthless as sea-weed, or the beach sand."

Thus shall it be with the miser at last :
His god-yellow gold, shall be as the sand
When nearing the sea—Eternity vast ..
His gold will not help him to the good land.

THE BEST.

A traveller met an aged ^{man} ~~toner~~
And thus he spoke in ~~terms~~ of sorrow .

“ I prithee, tell me if you can,
What weather shall we have to-morrow ?”

The aged man, in smiling mood,
Gave answer, “ It will be the best.”
Nor thought the traveller, he is rude ;
But thought, perhaps he does but jest.

“ But what is best, my aged friend ?”
The traveller did again request.
“ Whate’er it shall please God to send ;
For what God sends is always best.”

THE FLOWERS OF EARLY SPRING.

I love the flowers of early spring,
They tell drear winter's on the wane ;
They seem to say, " soon birds will sing ;"
They cheer the heart to hope again.

They come to heart that's sorely crushed,
And speak with plaintive notes of dove ;
(A heavenly voice, so sweetly hushed,)
" I chasten whomsoe'er I love."

Ah, listen to that voice I must !
Despairing thoughts far from me flee !
The heart is moved to child-like trust—
I bless the Love that chastened me.

TO THE MUSHROOM.

Good morning to your night-cap, pale up-
start of the night !

I'm glad to see your white top, it gives my
eyes delight ;

But lest that red cow yonder, you under foot
should tread,

I'll amputate your tail—off ! ah, I have saved
your head !

I'll put you in my basket and take you to the
town ;

What though you came head foremost ? you
now shall go head down.

Nor shall you go all lonely,—your brothers I
will take;

With many of your kindred, too, and all for
your sweet sake.

I now will homeward wend, for I'm fearful it
will storm—

Ah, with what care I'll place you upon the
griddle warm !

I'll butter and I'll salt you, and ere you are
“ done brown,”

I'll say for grace “ I love you,” then gobble
you right down.

Let others with their steaks and chops, fry,
stew with smoke and fumes ;

With zest, for breakfast I'll enjoy delicious,
sweet mushrooms.

TO AN INVALID.

I love thee well—you know I love thee
Better far than tongue can tell ;
And your lover I must aye be,
Long as we on earth shall dwell.

“ Ah, would that I had never known thee !”
Oft is said by lover spurned—
And I know when fate says “ must be,”
Nought can from its course be turned.

It is a truth that hopeful future
Is a casket tightly sealed ;—
A sweet suspense all must endure ;
Happy joys yet unrevealed.

O, would that I to-day were near thee,
Nigh the couch that's borne you long,
I would tell thee much that's cheery,
Banish care by joyous song.

But ah, vain wish—I am not with thee !
What though I am far away ?
I will pray the Lord of Mercy,
Bless you on this New-Year's day.

To-day I am your intercessor,
And should ~~I~~ never be more ;—
O, may the ever blessed Blesser,
You to perfect health restore.

NEVER DO EVIL THAT GOOD MAY
ABOUND.

A tramping tinker came into a town,
And though he was weary, yet did wend ;
Its high-ways and by-ways trudged up and
down,

To the tune of "Pots or Kettles to mend ?"

He tramped and cried till the sun had gone
down,

" Any old pots or kettles to mend !"

Albeit his cry caused many to frown,
It got him no job or pennies to spend.

His grievance sore, to a glazier he told,
Who cared for his temporal wants that night ;
Thus bidding his courage take fresh hold,
" To-morrow, to-morrow all will come right."

The glazier went forth to his work next morn,
Did more than glaze, for bent on a freak,
Full many a dame he caused to mourn.
By making their pots and kettles to leak.

He told the tinker to go earn his bread,
And as he whispered what he had done,
He flourished his putty knife as he said,
" Go stop the pots that I have made to run."

The tinker got plenty of work that day;
 And pennies to buy him beer and bread,
 So he feasted, drank, and then down lay
 Behind the town church—made the grass
 his bed.

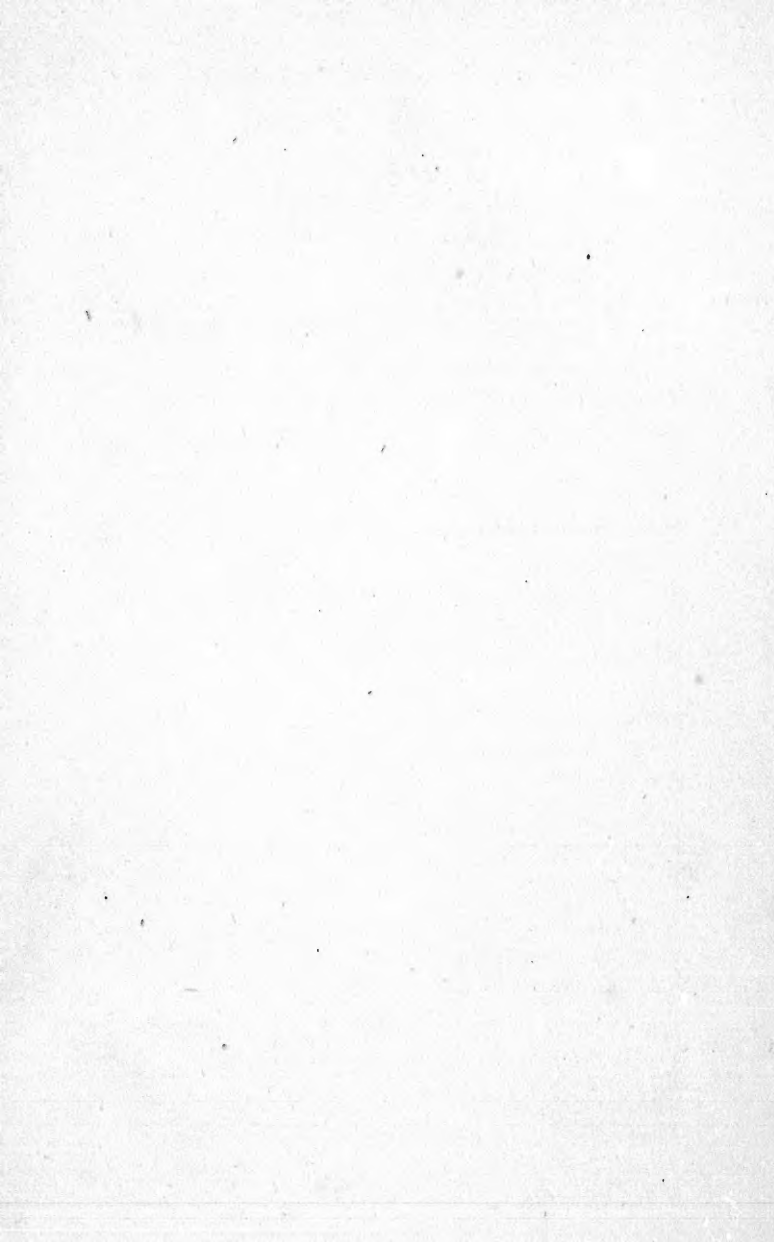
Awaking as ^{Sol}~~the~~ full on the church shone,
 As if with gold its windows would stain,
 Each glass was made a mark for a stone,
 At least thought the tinker, and smashed each
 pane.

He now to his glazier friend did repair,
 And chuckling told of his morning's fun ;
 The glazier's eyes with frenzy did glare
 As "tinker," he groaned, "you have me
 undone !

I'm paid in advance, and paid for a year,
 I've signed written bonds—signed them last
 night—
 That church to keep glazed ! why came you
 here "

And uttered an oath I'll not speak or write.

The story is versed—I read it in prose—
 For what was it rhymed, do you suppose ?
 List you, it teaches this maxim sound,
 Never do evil that good may abound.



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